

THE RECLAIMER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY AND FOR THE SOLDIER BOYS AT UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL NUMBER 34

Volume 1. Number 4.

EAST NORFOLK, MASS., FEBRUARY 1, 1919

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Nation Must Back Medical Men in Rehabilitating Wounded and Returning Them to Civil Life and Opportunity.

"This Nation has no more solemn obligation than healing the hurts of our wounded and restoring our disabled men to civil life and opportunity. The Government recognizes this, and the fulfillment of the obligation is going forward fully and generously. The Medical division of the War and Navy Department are rendering all aid that skill and science make possible; the Federal Board for Vocational Education is commanded by law to develop and adapt the remaining capability of each man so that he may again take his place in the ranks of our great civilian army. The co-operation and interest of our citizens is essential to this program of duty, justice, and humanity. It is not a charity. It is merely the payment of a draft of honor which the United States Of America accepted when it selected these men, and took them in their health and strength to fight the battles of the Nation. They have fought the good fight; they have kept the faith, and they have won. Now we keep faith with them, and every citizen is endorser on the general obligation.

WOODROW WILSON.

(The above is from a recent letter of the President to Dr. C. A. Prosser, Director of the Federal Board for Vocational Education).

LT. POATE LEAVES US.

First Lieutenant Ernest M. Poate, M. C., U. S. A., received his discharge on January 24th, 1919. The entire Detachment—Officers and Enlisted Men, regret his departure. He was transferred from Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., on November 19th, 1918, for duty in this hospital. At this place he served as Survey Officer, and Summary Court Officer. South and C Wards were also under his jurisdiction. While here he served as a member of the Disability Board, and of the Board to examine officer on separation from the Service. In civil life he was attached to the New York State Hospital Service, in which he spent a number of years, his last assignment being at Ward Island.

The Reclaimer, in particular, will miss him, for from its first issue he has been one of its most faithful and dependable contributors. He was the originator of the "Arizona Pete's Column." In civil life, aside from his medical practice, he was a very successful writer of fiction, for a number of well-known publications. His best works, probably, were his detective and mystery stories, drawn from actual experience in hospital work, particularly when he served as an interne at Bellevue Hospital, New York City. He was a graduate of Cornell University and was prominent in athletics while at that institution. His home is in Holland, New York.

LIEUT. FISSINGER DISCHARGED FROM SERVICE.

Second Lieutenant Harold A. Fissinger, S. C., U. S. A., received his discharge from the Army on Jan. 23rd, 1919. Lieut. Fissinger has served with Uncle Sam since 1909, having enlisted in the Engineer Corps, being immediately transferred to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. He served at that post until December 1912, when he received Honorable discharge. On December 6th, 1913, he enlisted in the Medical Corps, and was stationed at Hefferson Barracks, Missouri, at which post he was stationed until August 1917. From there he was transferred to Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, where he served until he was discharged to accept a commission. At Camp Jackson, South Carolina, he acted as assistant Adjutant at Base Hospital and assistant to Camp Medical Supply Officer, then being transferred to Camp Meade, Maryland. At this post he was temporarily Property Officer, until October 8th, 1918, when he was transferred to this hospital. His duties here were as follows: Detachment Commander, Registrar, Supply Officer, and Commanding Officer of the Detachment of Patients. Lieutenant Fissinger's home is at 471 W. Third Street, Dubuque, Iowa, where he will be engaged in business with his brother in Real Estate, Stocks, and Bonds. With his convincing manner and untiring energy his success is assured.

LISTEN.

Right here, now, the editors of this sheet wish to state that we may be rotten BUT—we're 'riginal. This paper will be issued every Saturday, rain or shine, as long as the Hospital continues under the present administration. We want patients and corps men to feel that this is their paper, and that its success or failure is largely due to their support. If you don't feel that you are able to write with sufficient literary skill hand us your ideas and we will do the rest. Material for each issue should be in not later than Sunday of each week. Come on, now, let's see a little pep!

JUST A MINUTE

MR. PRINTER!

OUR CHAPLIN IS BACK—

TREMBLE YE CRAP SHOOTERS!

QUAKE YE BACK SLIDERS!

QUIVER YE INTEMPERATE!

HOSPITAL NEWS

Second Lieutenant John B. Caravatta, Q.M. C., U.S.A., has been granted a three days leave of absence.

Captain Robert E. Baldwin, M.C., U.S.A., has been appointed Detachment Commander, and also Commanding Officer of the Detachment of Patients, vice, 2nd Lieutenant Harold A. Fissinger, S. C., U. S. A.

First Lieutenant Archie L. Oberdorfer, M.C., U.S.A., has been appointed second member of Board to examine officers on separation from Service, vice, Lieutenant Ernest M. Poate, M.C., U.S.A., relieved.

Lieutenant Leslie B. Homan, M.C., is appointed to duty in North Ward as Ward Surgeon, vice, Lieutenant Edmund A. Ehlers, M.C., relieved.

Lieutenant K. B. Sturgis, M. C., is assigned to duty in North Ward as Ward Surgeon, vice, Lieutenant A. S. Oliver, M.C., relieved.

Lieutenant A. S. Oliver, M.C., is assigned to duty in South Ward, as Ward Surgeon, vice, Lieutenant K. B. Sturgis, M.C., relieved.

Lieutenant Edmund A. Ehlers, M.C., is assigned to duty as Ward Surgeon in Ward C, vice, Lieutenant Harry Agris, M.C., relieved. vice, Lieutenant Harry Agris, M.C., is assigned to duty on Ward E as Ward Surgeon, vice, Lieutenant K. B. Sturgis, M.C., relieved.

Lieutenant H. C. Burgess, M.C., is assigned to duty in Ward F as Ward Surgeon, vice, Lieutenant Harry Agris, M.C., relieved.

Lieutenant Raymond B. Blakney, Chaplain, has been granted a five days' leave of absence, but we guess it must have been 55.

Major George E. McPherson, M.C., has been appointed Sanitary Inspector, vice, Lieutenant Leslie B. Homan, M.C., relieved.

Major George E. McPherson, M.C., has also been appointed President of the Disability Board, vice, Lieutenant Leslie B. Homan, M.C., relieved.

Second Lieutenant Ernest M. Eakes, S. C., has arrived at this hospital and will take over the duties of Supply Officer.

Lieutenant Flood, has reported for duty, at this post, and has been appointed Commanding Officer of Detachment of Patients, and Registrar.

Those who have attended reveille of late have perhaps noticed a decided change and we wonder why.

The Reclaimer offers a liberal reward for any musical talent in the Post—who can invent an instrument—preferably a portable one—that will conform to the specifications of a bugle—and will be a happy medium between the power plant whistle and the present instrument.

Sergeant Malone, in charge of the dining room has recently returned from a ten day furlough. He is now searching in vain for his lost mattress.

Corporal Tate who has been acting as Mess Sergeant in Sgt. Malone's absence, has been assigned to duty in the Sergeant Major's office. We trust that Bunker will now have an occasional evening off.

Sergeant Burtis has been transferred from the stock room of the Q.M. to the Mess office,

—of course our chow will be much better now.

Private Arthur E. Masch has just returned "sadder-bud-weiser" from Milwaukee. He went as an escort to Edgar G. Cotton, a former patient. Anything on the hip, Masch?

Private Reuther just returned from his old home, Danville, Ill., is looking much the same, barring that "wearied" look.

RED CROSS ACTIVITIES. Social.

Thursday afternoon, January 23, ladies of the Franklin Red Cross paid a social visit to the Red Cross rooms at Pondville. They brought with them abundance of smokes, eats, and entertainment. Patients from Wards C, E, and F came in and enjoyed a pleasant afternoon. For many of the more recent patients at the hospital it was their first visit to Red Cross headquarters and we hope that having learned the way they may come again and agin. Miss Barbara Martin of Franklin played on her Cello and Miss Frances Supple also of Franklin sang. The surplus candy, sandwiches, doughnuts and cheese were carried to the bed patients in E and also to the patients in North Ward.

Minstel Show.

Saturday evening, January 25, the Men's Club of All Saints' Church, Attleboro, gave a minstrel show at the Oval. The minstrels were directed by Hollis Havey, assisted by Mrs. Buck and Mr. Duranleau. The chorus was made up as follows:

Charles B. Oulton, Interlocutor	Henry McGill
W. Hugh Pickering	Gertrude Daken
Edna Fonrouge	William Blackwell
Charles Cobb	Grace Lusk
Valeda Gibeault	Basil Holman
Warren Lane	Dorothy Knight
Lillian Willmore	Earle Bomier
Andrew Bell	Gladys Brown
Signe Anderson	Herman Wood
Sam Johnston, Jr.	Ethel Grant
Jessie Gillis	Joe McConnell
Hollis Havey	End Men

Interrupting the rapid fire of stories and jokes from "Bones" and "Sambo" came these songs:

Would you rather be a Colonel	Sam Johnston, Jr.
Rose in the Bud	Gladys Brown
Sing, Sing, Bird of the Wing	Dorothy Knight
Cotton Hollow Harmony	Hollis Havey
Farmer Slow	Victory Quartette
Music of Love	Valeda Gibeault
When I Dream of Old Erin	

Miss Anderson and Miss Brown
The Storm Friend W. Hugh Pickering
God be with our boys tonight Lillian Willmore
The Worst is yet to come Joe McConnell
Finale, When you come back
Tableau, Miss Lena Croke as Liberty, assisted by Raymond Davis and Harold Siddall.

A miscellaneous program followed the work of the minstrels in which Havey and Oulton presented their little playlet (not so very little at that!) "My old hat," Davis and Siddall came back with instrumental music. Theo Hoecke sang and Ken Blanding with cheers told all he

knew and sang about four songs in as many minutes. He certainly has some speed for all his form. There were other features which made a complete and splendid program.

To cap the climax the company left behind home made candy, cigarettes, pipes and tobacco which the Red Cross will see are well distributed in the hospital. Attleboro has a way of doing what they do in full measure.

DANCES.

"When are we going to have another dance?" is another question which the Red Cross Man hears more times than any other. His answer "pretty soon" is getting a little frayed at the edges and will soon be changed by definite announcements. It is hoped that we can arrange for one dance a week at the Oval. In addition there will be the other entertainments at the hall including moving pictures, concerts, vaudeville, etc. The dances however will not be neglected and they will be good too.

NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayward of Franklin whose generosity has been shown on so many occasions have offered the Red Cross the use of their Pathe moving picture machine. We are planning to use it in the different wards, bringing the pictures to many who cannot go to the entertainments.

Miss Elizabeth C. Putnam, the Associate Field Director has undertaken the direction of the Red Cross work at the Oval. She is planning the various entertainments, and other activities there. In addition she has started a French speaking class at D Ward for every afternoon at 12.45 except Saturdays and Sundays.

Miss G. M. Sullivan of Boston is the latest addition to the Red Cross force. She will be office secretary and is well trained for her work. She comes from the Red Cross Headquarters in Boston where she has worked since the establishment of the office.

A new pool table arrived at Ward D, Friday night, and was first used Monday night. The money which provides this table came from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers who have shown great generosity to the soldiers not only here but in many hospitals throughout the country. Everyone here appreciates this splendid gift.

OVAL ITEMS.

Private Charlie Holmes announces the arrival of six new born calves. We are soon to lose him—Charlie we mean—not the calves.

Our musical Sergeant McFarlane will step over the Great Divide on the eighteenth of the month—At Home after discharge.

According to the pass book, Sergeant Cooper must be quite a globe trotter by this time.

Private William Finnis, our old cook, will be discharged from Camp Upton soon—so speaketh his trusty pen.

The Reclaimer

Published by and for the officers and men of
U. S. G. H. No. 34.

LT. R. B. BLAKNEY Editor-in-Chief
LT. R. A. MARVEL Business Manager
SGT. HOWARD BURCHIT Art Editor
SGT. RALPH GILES Asst. Editor

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EDITORIAL

Europe's estimate of the abilities of Uncle Sam is flattering. The Allied Nations are looking to America as the nation which will greatly aid it in its difficulties. It is looking to America for food, for counsel and for leadership, and for intervention when necessary. Foe as well as friend expects to receive whatever material and other assistance as is necessary.

The greater part of Europe today is in more or less of a chaotic condition. Because of the war's awful toll of men, leadership is lacking. Government created for war purposes seldom can be adapted to peace problems, after a conflict has ended in either victory or defeat. Precedents, coming from the past which is forever sealed, thus is hereditary and indecisive concerning acts which must determine the future. Old ideas and ideals have passed away. There is difficulty in getting acquainted with new ones. The United States is the only nation that has a definite peace proposal on principles of right and justice.

The visit of President Wilson to Europe at this time has something to do with Europe's looking to America. So far he has had the advantage in dictating his broad and liberal conditions of world peace, while the spokesmen of the Allied Nations have been at variance. Wilson's plan is a basis of compromise for all, and, as he is the Chief Executive of this nation he stands for this people and for humanity.

A FEW WORDS FROM COL. SMITH.

Since my interview last week I have had an opportunity to talk with a number of the new men who have reported for duty and now I feel better acquainted with the detachment. I think that I have noticed a decided change and a better spirit displayed among the men. They are taking to their new and arduous duties just as though we had before

us fifty years of war instead of one hundred years of peace.

In the past week I have had the opportunity to witness reveille three times, and the attendance at reveille is getting better. This leads me to believe that the men are taking more interest in their work and are anxious to face the tasks for the day.

While I have noticed a big improvement in the general morale and general appearance of the detachment, I am going to mention again that there are still some who are careless about their appearance, and it is these few who cast a general reflection upon the detachment. To emphasize this statement I will say that the only adverse comment one of our recent inspectors made when we were in the mess hall at meal time was concerning one of our very diligent workers, but this soldier at this particular meal had failed to comb his hair and clean his face. The inspector made no mention of the number on each side of the untidy soldier, but his attention was attracted to the ones negligent and untidy in their dress. I intend to continue to insist upon the men wearing their uniform properly and improving their appearance on all occasions. I hope that it will become a custom and a habit for the men to wear their uniforms properly in order that we may not have to resort to orders.

Beginning on the 1st of February the duty roster will not be subject to so many changes. When a man is assigned to a particular job he will perform this duty for at least a month. All details and reliefs will be arranged and approved by the non-commissioned officer in charge. A number of the new members of the detachment have recently made arrangements with their comrades to relieve them, which is contrary to hospital regulations. This practice leads often to unsatisfactory service and in the future the non-commissioned officer in charge of the wards must detail reliefs for men experienced in ward duty.

Beginning Thursday, February 2nd, there will be a school conducted two nights each week for Privates, there will also be a school for non-commissioned officers two hours per week. It is my intention to hold examinations at the end of each month to determine those who deserve promotion.

I noticed in the last issue of "The Reclaimer" that there have been many inquiries as to what would be the future of this hospital. The man who answered

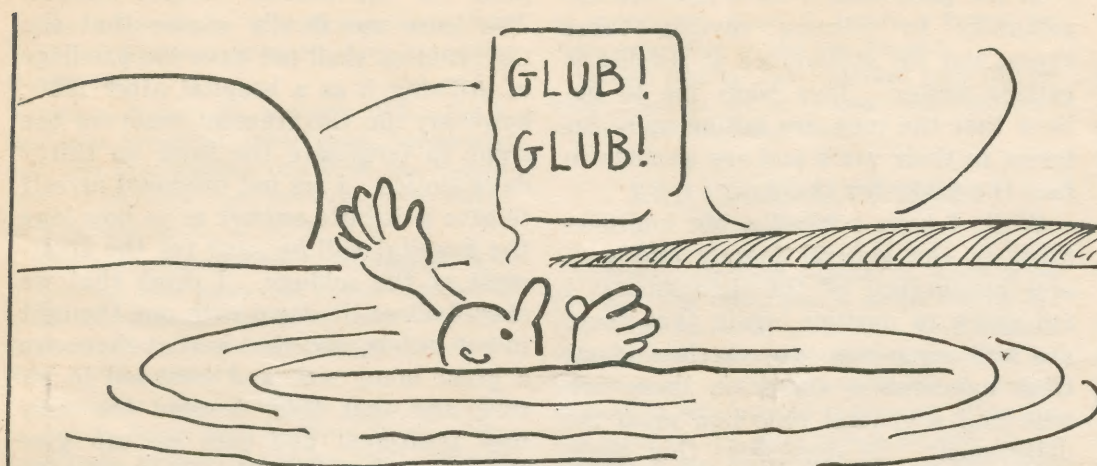
that it would operate for an indefinite time I believe should be awarded the prize for the nearest correct answer. The lease specifically states that the Government shall not have the privilege of utilizing it as a hospital after 1930; however, the Government reserves the right to terminate the lease on thirty days' notice. I am not prepared myself to give a definite answer as to how long the hospital will be used for the treatment of the soldiers. I think that we should all settle down with one thought in our minds, and that is that there are a great many sick and wounded to return and that they deserve the very best treatment and care we can give them, and we should be prepared with comfortable beds when they arrive. Those who are keenly interested in how long the hospital will operate I believe that I can safely answer by telling them that we will spend the summer and possibly another Christmas here.

I have been busy this afternoon planning for a fifteen acre potato crop, fifteen acres of corn, ten acres of vegetables and twelve acres of oats. I am making these preparations feeling sure that we will be here for the harvest.

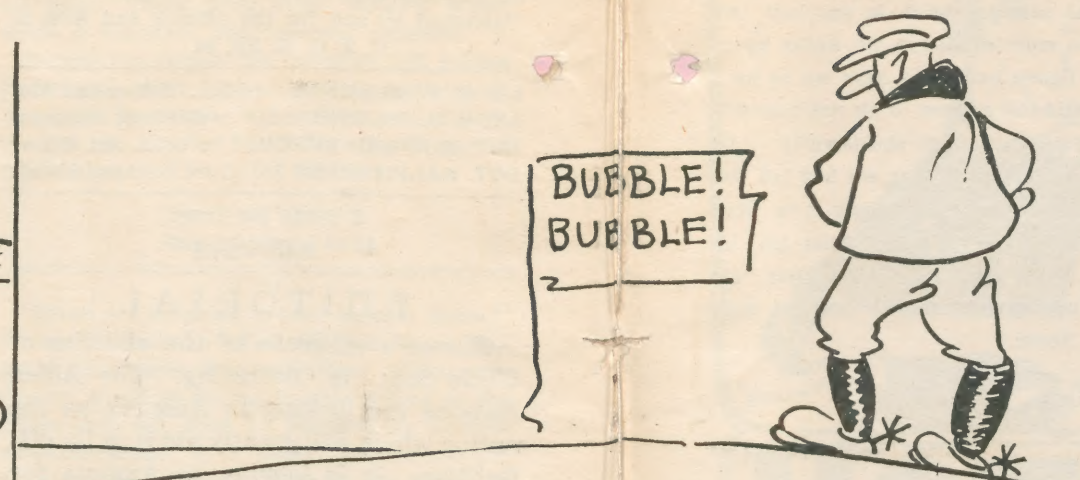
The alterations at the hospital are progressing very satisfactorily and I believe will be completed by the 10th of February. We will then have adequate shower baths and lavatories in Barracks A, B, C, D, E, and F. Additional shower baths will be installed in the South hospital. A dark room and a clinic room will be completed and equipped in the North hospital for Ear, Eye, Nose and Throat work. A modern base dental equipment is on the way and part of it has arrived. This will be installed in the east side of the Administration building. The main kitchen equipment will be improved. Larger sinks, a modern dish washer, high pressure steam roasters and steam tables will be installed. At the auxiliary kitchen only a steam table will be added. A request has been made for a dietitian, and a diet kitchen will be opened up in the near future, thus making it possible to prepare the special diets in a different department from the other food. The diet kitchen will probably be equipped with an electric range. I failed to mention the battery of coffee urns which will be a great improvement.

The work on the roads is progressing very satisfactorily and the completion of this work will be welcome I know to those who have occasion to leave the hospital often.

DISCIPLINE --- Words by Arizona



HE FELL IN THE ICY RIVER
HE KICKED AND SPLASHED ABOUT
H'ED NOTHING TO DO BUT SHIVER
H'ED NOTHING TO DO BUT SHOUT



HIS CAPTAIN STOOD BY THE WATER
AND WATCHED HIM MADLY SPLASH
SHINY HIS SPURS AND BOOTS WERE
THE CAPTAIN CUT QUITE A DASH



THE SERGEANT CLIMBED FROM THE RIVER
AND SALUTED WITH MIGHT AND MAIN
"AS YOU WERE" SAID THE CAPTAIN HARSHLY
THE SERGEANT JUMPED IN AGAIN!

BURCHIT

AT THE BALL IN THE HALL

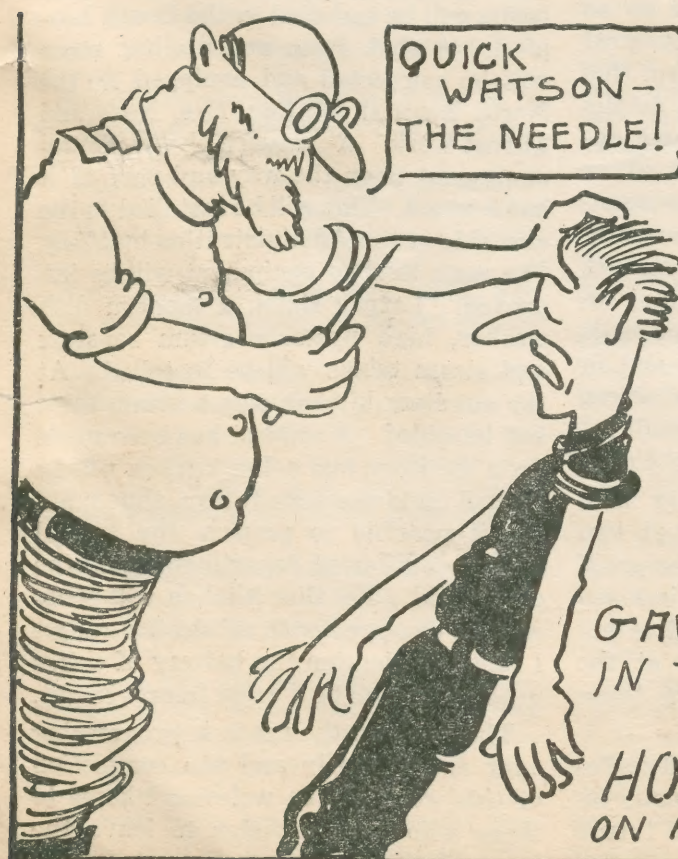
Speaking of Firemen's conventions and such—and the different styles of dance—well I was down to Plainville the other night and here are a few I bumped into—The first victim—young couple—very much in love—I **SAW** him kiss her as they slid under the balcony—Second culprit—one of those "Ca-tische" little dames, ye know the kind—when dancing she always sticks her hand out to avoid contact—sort of "touch-me-not" effect. Then comes those slow moving vans that block all the traffic, especially in the fox trot. Perhaps you have noticed a couple of "brain storms" that do a combination war dance and horn pipe on 4 square feet of space—There are a lot more but we aint got the space.

—Alleck.

ROOKIE DAYS

A NEEDLE IS A NEEDLE FOR A' THAT!

By Burchit



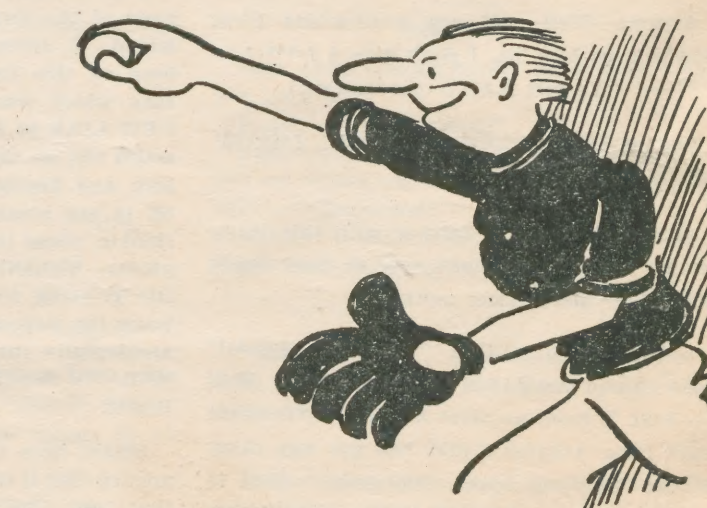
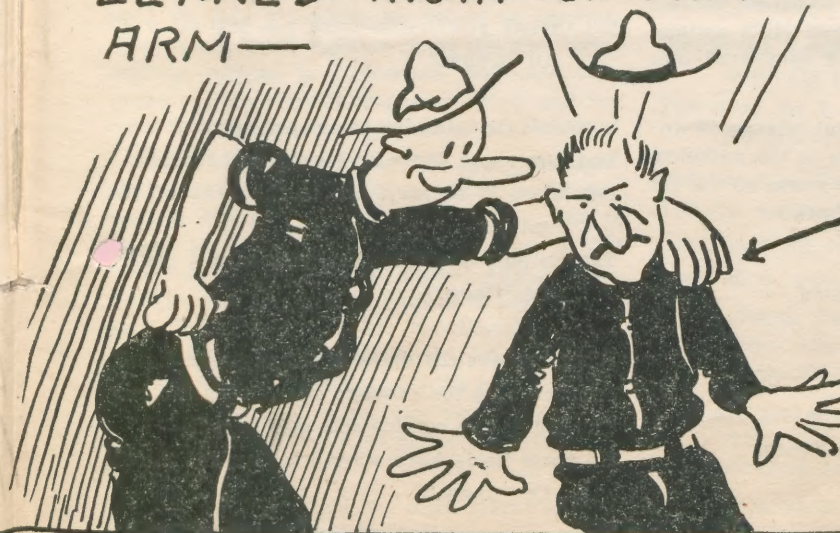
THE GUY THAT
GAVE YOU THE JAB
IN THE ARM—
SHERLOCK
HOLMES—HAD NOTHING
ON HIM—

AND THE NEXT DAY THE
"TOP"—ORDERED YOU TO
DIG A DITCH



BURCHIT '19

WORSE AND WORSE—
WHEN YOU STOOD IN THE
LINE FOR CHOW—SOME
BIG STIFF CAME UP AND
LEARNED RIGHT ON THAT
ARM—



BUT—WHEN THEY
CALLED FOR A BASE BALL
PITCHER THAT AFTERNOON
WELL!—THAT WAS
DIFFERENT!



Editorial note—Thank the lord that old duffer Arizona has hit the trail! He wasn't worth the ink he used up any how. He blew in on us last week for a parting shot and so, to avoid a bad taste and hard feelings we let him slide by with a few sticks. (That last word is for you, Mr. Printer.) We guarantee, dear reader, that this will be the last time you will be imposed upon—at least by this boob.

Arizona—"Thas-all-right Chappie, you just try to slap out this drool and besides any one who has the nerve to go AWOL for a week and leave us with that crazy artist to run this here paper? S-s-say! S-s-some one hold me! Simmer down Pete! Simmer down!

Arizona—Well—if you want-a-hire Newt Newkirk, go hire 'im, I don't give a ?-***-! —!*** —! (We just HAD to censor this.)

Lemme Loose! LEMME LOOSE! THROW-ER-IN-TUH-HIGH!

(Before we go any farther with this trash, lemme say that we don't owe no back board bills to tte mess officer neither.)

Did-je-ever take that "rag weed special" (one up and one down) to Bost'n town? Well—take it from us there aint no Government mule from Arkansaw that has got any thing on that train for speed. No-sir-ee! That is SOME train—and SOME crew,—and SOME engineer! After we had bought our pass port and the footman had deposited our carpet bag and our gooloshes, and after all the milk cans had been dumped off, and the chicken crates, and a couple of farm tractors—and some FRESH eggs (we don't know where they got 'em) the head waiter (pardon us!—the conductor) gave the high sign and we oozed off, (sounds like a ferry boat leavin' the dock, don't it?)

On our left as we flew by, we saw fading away in the distance our old home, and a sob clutched our throat (get that—OUR throat) and we almost got cold feet and started to grab for the bell cord when we remembered that we promised to go to Bost'n. By this time the keeper had punched our tag and we began to memorize all the ads. Suddenly the durned thing stopped with a crash! (not unlike—we can't think of a word to fit.) We leaned over the seat in front of us and we says—"What place is this—friend, and that individual (one of those species of the Anti-dee-lovian age) speaks right up in a squeaky voice and says-says-ee—"thet's WALPOLE!" "Where?" says we—"There!" says ee—"but ye cain't see it fer thet caouw." (We cribbed that from Ezra Kenn-dall.)

Well—that afternoon we globe trotted over most of the Commonwealth and all of Rhode Island. It seems that the engineer had only been on this line since '71 and wasn't quite sure which was the road into Bost'n—being NEW-LIKE ye know. But he had the fireman settin out on the cow catcher with a red lantern and finally, just as we begin to snooze off in our steamer chairs (durn it! we keep thinkin' about that boat trip we took)—the engineer—ENGINEER—dear soul, came down the isle grinning from ear to ear and "lowed he knew the way in from here." You see we had accidentally run into the Forest Hills station. Well—we finally wheezed and spluttered into Bost'n.

(Right here the management wishes to announce that if there is any one in the audience that don't like our show, they can go to the Chaplin and get their jitney back.)

Where in the nation,
will you find such a station,
—as South

Thas-wat-I-said!

For a place to get lost in,
there's none like it in Bost'n,
—Old South

Strike me dead!

Well—after much perambulation around we finally threw up the job, and mustering up our nerve and takin' a hitch in our belt (we don't carry no more artillery) we walks up to one of them Bost'n cops and says we to he—"mebby ye could tell us how to git out-a-here?" "Mebby", says-ee-most non-sha-lawntly. Of course we sees instanter that we had hit the wrong track so we puts on some new bait. "Old dear" says we,—Well say! that hit 'im right in the bull's eye. (Ye know that "old dear" stuff and "cawnt" and all that rot goes well in Bean Town.)

P-s-s-s-t!—P-s-s

—Hey, you! (Voice of stage Manager.)

Was-a-matter?

Matter-ye poor fish! Ye put in over 800 words now!—the poor printer is blue in the face!—

(Audience shudders)

Cum-on! Can it! Tell em nex-week!

(Slowly descends the Asbestos)

CHOW.

The food that one gets in the army or navy—
The beans and the soup and the meat and the
gravy,

The rice and the spice and the stew and the
bread—

Is classified under the general head
Of "Chow."

You quit sleep at five and you start it at nine;
You work like a Turk and you limber your
spine;

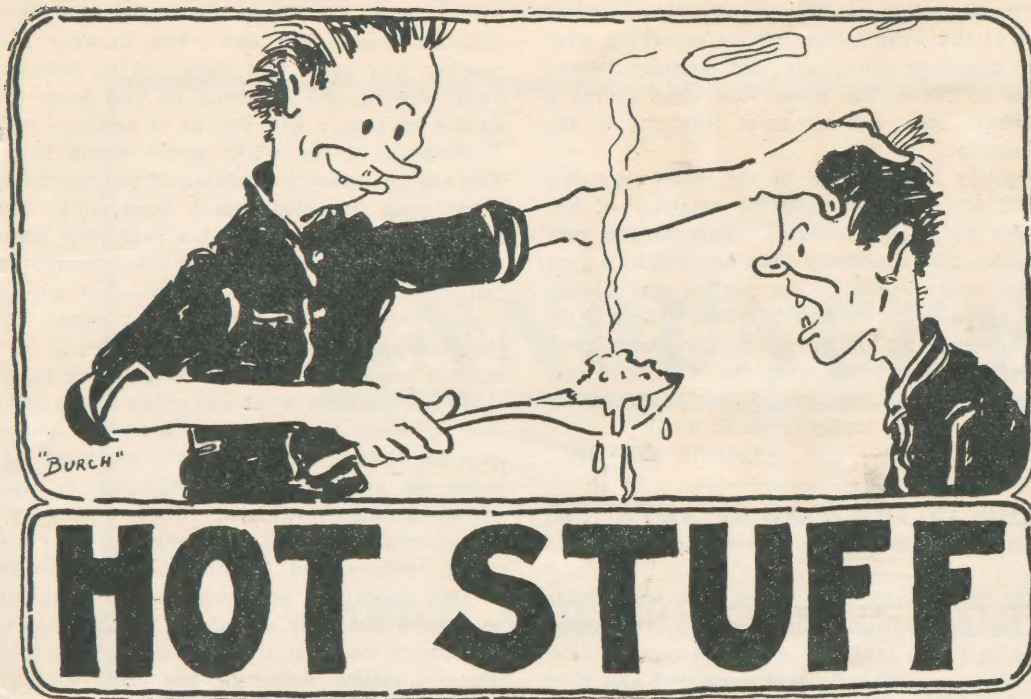
You go through the mill of a vigorous drill,
But though you're exhausted you still get a fill
Of "Chow."

It sounds Oriental, but tastes very pleasant.
You never get fillets or turkey or pheasant,
But when it comes down to the crux of the
matter

There's only one title that goes with a platter
Of "Chow."

What matters the dress of the mess anyhow?
Just serve up the cabbage or serve up the cow.
The lad in the service will gobble it in—
He never holds back when it's time for the tin
Of "Chow."

Howard Daly in "Navy Life."



Scene—Garage—

Time—2 A. M.—

Cast—"Beckie" and Krause.

Krause—(rushing wildly in).

"Say, Beck, ye know I saw Tate in Boston with a chicken about sixteen years old."

Beck—Heck! that's nothin', we got a old turkey out on our farm that's almost thirty.

(Can you blame the Ed. for acting queer!)

Officer—Pvt. Hutchinson, you're late again. What is your excuse?

Hutch—The slippery ground sir! Every time I took a step, I slipped back two.

Officer—That so? Then how did you get here?

Hutch—I started back to the Barracks sir!

A Spud Is a Spud for a" That.

Noticed that our Quartermaster Department has secured a new breed of potatoes from Camp Devens, Mass. These Potatoes are prizes in that they automatically count themselves. Every ten having a pinkish streak through them, as well as they refuse to be baked or mashed. That would be all right so far as the high toned society potatoe is concerned, but—our boys object to them when they turn black and the hard lumps refuse to be mashed out.

Captain, we would advise you to get the common Irish potatoes with plain white covers and not the fancy pink. Didn't you know that it would be O. K. for an Irishman born of the Green Sod to wear a red flannel shirt, though I advise you to be very cautious in calling him an A. P. A. unless you are the champion Marathon runner of New England. Therefore we object to your Americanized Irish potatoes with society manners. What say you, Captain to baking our next issue in hot coals before acceptance?

Ask Miss Cady how she likes cider—applied EXTERNALLY.

LIEUT. OLIVER (To Lieut. Agris who had been on a trip to Providence.)

"Did you see LIEUT. MARVEL in Providence when you were there?"

AGRIS—"No, where was he?"

OLIVER—"Oh, somewhere in Exchange Place."

AGRIS—"No wonder I didn't see him, guess he DODGE (D) in CAMFIELD'S.

(This Joke is for a very select few-Ed.)

Corpl. Jones (returning from Y. M. C. A. with pocket testament) pretty neat little book the Y puts out eh?

Corpl. Irish—Yeah, how much did they charge you for it?

"Nothin'."

"So they give 'em away?"

"Yeah."

"Aw H—, I swiped mine!"

—Life.

Confession of a Mother to Her Daughter.

Behold my daughter, I have parted from mine appendix and my conscience is clear. Therefore do I fear but three things in all the world:

And the first of these is a mouse.

And the second is embonpoint.

And the third is a "trained nurse."

For I have watched her at her "work."

And I charge thee, in the flutter of her skirts there lurketh more danger than in the whole chorus of a comic opera.

A chorus girl practiseth her wiles upon strong men, she seeketh only him that is stricken and at her mercy.

Yea, when he is down and out she getteth in her fine work.

Upon her head she weareth a cute cap, which glorieth her as a halo in his sight. She walketh upon heels of velvet and cooeth unto him in a voice of silver.

Her smile runneth over and will, not, come off. She hath Dove's eyes.

She batheth his brow with spikenard and myrrh, and anoineth him with alcohol. She arrangeth his pillows and comforteth his soul with words of cheer.

She taketh his Pulse!

He yearneth to be babied and she babyeth him. He pineth for sympathy and she sympathizeth. He seeketh comfort—and she maketh him comfortable.

And what chance hath a damsel at a pink tea beside a ministering angel such as one of these?

Go to, thou simple one! What strength is there in a sick man that he shall flee before all the temptations of St. Anthony, in one?

Nay, though he be of stone and adamant, though his heart be encased in barbed wire, yet shall he turn upon his pillow sighing:

"Alas Nursie, is all right, but a Wife was never like this!"

Yet how guileless is human nature! For, ye will keep your silver in a strong box and your jewels behind bars of iron; Yet will ye trust your, Beloved, in the hands of one of these.

Verily, the vampire is passee and witches a thing of the past.

But a little trained nurse, is a Dangerous thing.

"Ben '19."

OH HAPPY DAY—Honestly, I fell on Chap-pies' neck and sobbed for joy—Asst. Editor—don't yet—ever, ever leace me again!

Not a Piker.

Sgt. (interviewing rookie—what month were you born in?

Rookie—"I don't know."

Sgt.—well—I'll name the months and you tell me which one it was. January—February—December?

Rookie—I don't think it was any of those. Name me a few more..

—Life.

"Russian Front." Melnick is back with us. Sam says—"Vell, I vas there, and vell—I come back agin."

Bunker—Say Gadd, you disgraced me at that last dinner party!

Gadd—wha-de-ye-mean disgraced?

Bunker—When they brought in the Charlotte Russe, you started to blow the foam off.

FERVENT DESIRE.

Waiter—What do you wish, Madam?
"I wish some chicken salad, ice cream, turkey, fruit-cake and champagne."

Waiter—And what do you wish sir?
"I wish I hadn't come."

MORE MANOEUVERS OF MABEL.

Dear Bill:—

Your's received but oh Bill, this has been some busy week. Movin' and paintin' aint in it—but consolin' lonsom', weepin' wimen! ! ! Gee, you know I'd do anything to stop people from cryin'. I was scart of my life she was goin' to burst right out in the office. The big fellow, you no the one in the office, next the curnel he gets up. moves things around, sort a divertus like, imejately he sends them wailin' women to the office of the Captain of the nurses. Oh, Bill I don't mean her office, cause she aint got none anyway no wherever she hangs out (some where in the pines I s'pose). She couldn't do nothin', Bill, consolin' was in vane but she warches brave like to the big fellas office but believe me Bill she jest melted before them benevolent lamps (aint that jes a woman all over). Yes and what do you think Bill in our bunch is a girl who thinks this place a haven of rest. Pretty Soft, rest cure among the "whisperin' pines."

Gosh Bill I most forgot to tell you the funniest of all—mebbe—Happened last Sunday. A marvel-es fall it was Bill with a Co (e) y reinforcement pretty good fun for the casualty of sewer but kinda tuff on the participants. It sure was them all over, Bill—Oh, think of bein' inishiated with a chocolate sunday embrace—it happened right here and then some wailin' and nashin' of teeth.

And Bill they got us eatin' in an attic—called Grand View I believe. Some grand place to. Surrounded by a place to make mud pictures (pies too mebbe) place to sling soup, O P's hang out and best of all them art draperies inferior decorators tell us about all scrolly like (to come). Some pretty place, Bill, with them red, wihte and blues assemblin' and say you can hardly here yourself think onct them blues get started. Talk about getin' fat our own folk don't no us—sure its good food marvel-es I should say. Here's hopin' you recollect yours truely when she blows in.

Unmeaningly,

Mabel

P. S.—Jes blew in from the Henery. Had one wild time alright and some eats folks called it a campin' party 'cept it came off in a chicken house instead of a camp. Talk about dancin' your shoe leather off and side that havin' fortunes telled by the prop. of the Inn or Chicken house I shud say. And what he telled us was some dead give away.

When we meat again I'll give you all the dope.

Yours until then,

Mabel.

FASHION ITEMS.

Wraps are of various types in the fashionable circle of East Norfolk. Very frequently long, more or less tight fitting effects are seen on the board walks in either bright checks, o r stripes, belted in with a natty cord and tassle. These wraps when wafted in the wind, reveal charming bits of undergarment. On the feet to carry out the general effect are soft morning slippers, which beside being very pleasing to the eye, are a general labor saving device.

Another pleasing effect confined to a select few, is the wrap which droops gracefully over the shoulders carelessly, but artfully twined back to reveal the inner side, thus giving a patriotic color scheme most inspiring to the passer-by.

Society has indulged in one more very chic effect which, considering the exigency of war seems very commendable. This is the serviceable blue chambray dress covered by a very clean white apron. For parties and dances the apron demands careful consideration. Beside being tres jollie it is very economical, protecting the blues from the wear and tear of army buttons and the dust which often arises from the tramp of many feet.

FASHION EDITOR.

PARIS IN THE ZONE OF ADVANCE.

Miss Putnam Writes Interesting Article.

On Sunday morning, March 24, I was sitting in the Colonel's room at Aviation Headquarters in Paris, taking dictation, when the telephone rang. The Colonel answered and then turned to me: "Write this," he said, "and say nothing to anyone." It was an order for 40 of our trucks to proceed at once from Romorantin, driving night and day, to Versailles to evacuate the French Government. As you know, this was not necessary, as it turned out,—the Germans did not discover the break in the Allied lines near Cambrai until it was filled up again; if they had, we might be enjoying something worse than the Oval! But the Germans came near enough to make Paris a very gloomy spot. I was living in a boarding house full of French and Belgians, mostly refugee counts and countesses, and we were constantly receiving people who had been working in cantons and hospitals in the region of Compiègne and who had been evacuated just as the Germans came in. One French woman who had been nursing beyond Compiègne had been obliged to leave behind her a few very sick patients. I think they all felt that the end had finally come, after all the long, horrible four years of struggle. It was pitiful to see these people. Most of them had lost everything they owned, in the beginning, but others still had estates which they thought were safe and which were now being shelled and burned. Refugees were pouring through Paris at the rate of 4600 daily. The people in the streets of Paris had a look of gloom like the perpetual gray sky and rain and snow of a French winter.

We always knew the very night the Germans began a drive because they favored Paris with an air raid at the same time. On this occasion the long range gun got to work, too, and for about a week we had a raid every night and a shell neatly dropped by Bertha exactly every twenty minutes all day. The first day everyone thought a daylight raid was on; the subway and trolleys all stopped running and many people spent the whole day in the cellar,—but after that no one paid Bertha the tribute of the slightest attention. The raids are more alarming. It gives you a very queer feeling to sit by the fire in your comfortable room drinking George Washington coffee, knowing that your own particular bomb may arrive any minute. You hear the

three coups de cannon, and then the siren whistles begin—first one, then another and another and more and more, all in different keys, wailing and shrieking up and down the narrow streets, a wild chorus of banshees, till it seems as if the whole world would burst. You are not exactly afraid—it is too inevitable—but your muscles won't keep still. Our French companions treated a raid with great ceremony, all assembling in the "cave" in full dress, hats and veils, where they sat on empty barrels, reading or playing games, till the trumpet sounded the "all's clear." We tried it once, but had not the patience to sit there not knowing what was going on, so after that we used to go out on a nearby bridge over the Seine, where we could see what was going on and could go underneath in case the shrapnel got too close. Those were never-to-be-forgotten nights: clear sky, the river and white bridges and buildings softly shining in the moonlight, an occasional red lantern on a river-boat, the searching "shafts of light that strive to prop the roof of night"; then the big yellow lights or tiny red wing-tip lights on the French planes, moving evenly across the sky; and finally the bits of shrapnel flashing like little silver fishes through the air. It was very sociable out on the bridge—everybody talked to everybody else—and in particular there was a group of American boys from a nearby barracks, with whom we fraternized and who sometimes gave us very good close harmony. The French know when to come in out of the rain, but it takes the Americans to realize the possibilities of a raid.

Private Morgan now at the Oval is to be congratulated upon being able to obtain a high class of musical talent for last Sunday evening. The personnel consisted of eight ladies and two gentleman (colored) who journeyed from Boston to the Oval to do their bit. There were fourteen numbers and every one high class. One would journey far to hear the equal of such rare voices and all around musical ability. Such a soprano as Miss O'Neil and contralto as Miss Scott are not heard every day. Mr. Mardo Brown, tenor, rendered some excellent numbers. The following program was given:

1. Chorus—THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER
2. Solo and Chorus—"Smiles" Miss Robinson
3. Piano Solo—Waltz in 7 Minor (Chopin)
Miss Crawford
4. Tenor Solo—Little Grey Home in the West
Mr. Mardo Brown
5. Treble Quartette—Selected
6. Soprano Solo—"Because" Miss Lee
7. Solo and Chorus—"Joan of Arc"
Miss Crawford
8. Piano Solo—Selected Miss Bonn
9. Soprano Solo—"Star" Miss O'Neil
10. Baritone Solo—"My Task"
Mr. Norman Rayner
11. Quartette—Selected
12. Contralto Solo—"Just a Wearyin' for You"
Miss Scott
13. Solo and Chorus—"Keep the Home Fires Burning"
Miss Gertrude O'Neil
14. Mr Mardo Brown in a Drum Major act with Chorus.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Since our last issue some radical changes have taken place in the staff personell.

Arizona Pete will be substituted with another interesting Column,

Rookie Days--"There is no check like a bed check."

Our front sheet poster will be out on Tuesday --- watch for it in the window!

---The Staff

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